

"WHO'S WHO IN NEW YORK"
EASTER NUMBER

Puck

WEEK ENDING APRIL 3, 1915
PRICE TEN CENTS



AN EARLY DATE

PAINTED BY FRANK X. LEYENDECKER

THE BETTER LIFE

How CONSCIOUS ENERGY Makes it Possible for All of Us

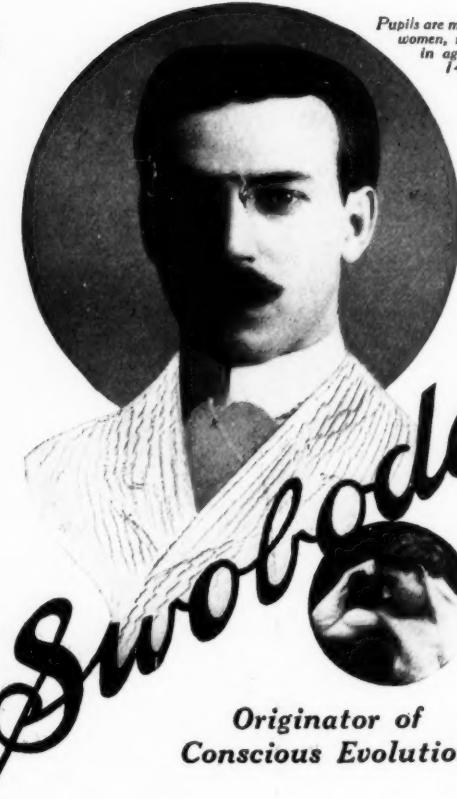
Become Superior to Your Present Self. The Swoboda System can make a better human being of you, physically, mentally and in every way. It creates a greater activity of the forces of life which in you are partially dormant, thus compelling them to become more alive and positive, enabling you to grow and evolutionize to a higher state of perfection. The Swoboda System can do more for you than you can imagine. It can so vitalize every organ, tissue and cell of your body as to make the mere act of living a joy. It can give you an intense, thrilling and pulsating nature. It can increase your very life. I not only promise it, I guarantee it.

WHY BECOME PREMATURELY OLD IN WHOLE OR IN PART?

Why Take Less Than Your Full Share of Life and Pleasure? Are you living a full and successful life? Why not always be at your best?—thoroughly well, virile, energetic. Why not invest in yourself and make the most of your every opportunity? It is easy when you know how. The Swoboda System points the way. It requires no drugs, no appliances, no dieting, no study, no loss of time, no special bathing; there is nothing to worry you. It gives ideal mental and physical conditions without inconvenience or trouble.

The Swoboda System of Conscious Evolution is no experiment. I am giving it successfully to pupils all over the world. I have among my pupils hundreds of doctors, judges, senators, members of cabinet, ambassadors, governors, thousands of business and professional men, farmers, mechanics and laborers, and almost an equal number of women—*more than two hundred thousand people have profited through this system.*

Your Earning Power, your success depends entirely upon your energy, health, vitality, memory and will power. Without these, all knowledge becomes of small value, for it cannot be put into active use. The Swoboda System can make you tireless, improve your memory, intensify your will power, and make you physically just as you ought to be. I promise it.



Pupils are men and women, ranging in age from 14 to 92

Originator of
Conscious Evolution

AGE IN YEARS AND AGE IN BODY ARE NOT IDENTICAL

You are only as young as you are physiologically efficient

What Others Have to Say:

"One year ago I was an old man at forty; today I am a youth at forty-one."

"I must state that the principle of your system is the most scientific, and at the same time the simplest, I have ever heard. You do not misrepresent one single word in your advertising."

"Just think of it, five weeks ago I was ashamed of my physique; to-day I am almost proud of it. I am delighted with Conscious Evolution."

"Fourteen years ago at the age of sixty-eight I was an old man; today at the age of eighty-two I am the marvel of my friends; I am younger than most men at forty. Your system gave me a new lease on life."

"Last week I had a reading of my blood pressure, and was gratified to learn that it was fully ten points below the previous reading. This was a surprise to me as well as to my physician, who did not believe that my blood pressure could be reduced because of my advanced age."

"Doctors told me I had hardening of the arteries and high blood pressure. They advised me against exercise. Conscious evolution reduced my blood pressure and made a new man of me."

"The beauty of your whole advertisement is that every word of it is the truth. Your system is the most wonderful in the world; it gave me new energy, strength and life; in other words, it made a new man of me. I have been an advocate of your system since the first day I used it; I have withstood a mental strain during the past year which would have broken my health had it not been for your system."

"Can't describe the satisfaction I feel!"

"Worth more than a thousand dollars to me in increased mental and physical capacity."

"I have been enabled by your system to do work of mental character previously impossible for me."

"I was very skeptical, now am pleased with results; have gained 17 pounds."

"The very first lessons began to work magic. In my gratitude I am telling my croaking and complaining friends, 'Try Swoboda.'"

"Words cannot explain the new life it imparts both to body and brain."

"It reduced my weight 29 pounds, increased my chest expansion 5 inches, reduced my waist 6 inches."

"I cannot recommend your system too highly, and without flattery believe that its propagation has been of great benefit to the health of the country."

"My reserve force makes me feel that nothing is impossible, my capacity both physically and mentally is increasing daily."

"I have heard your system highly recommended for years, but I did not realize the effectiveness of it until I tried it. I am glad indeed that I am now taking it."

"Your system developed me most wonderfully."

"I think your system is wonderful. I thought I was in the best of physical health before I wrote for your course, but I can now note the greatest improvement even in this short time. I cannot recommend your system too highly. Do not hesitate to refer to me."

"You know more about the human body than any man with whom I have ever come in contact, personally or otherwise."

"Your diagnosis and explanation of my brain trouble was a revelation to me. I have had the best physicians of my State, but your grasp of the human body exceeds anything I have ever heard or known. I have read your letters to many people, also to my physicians, who marvel at them."



No woman
or man is
too weak,
old, or too
well to
profit
through the
Swoboda
personal
mail
instructions

MY NEW COPYRIGHTED BOOK IS FREE. It explains THE SWOBODA SYSTEM OF CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION and the human body as it has never been explained before. It explains MY NEW THEORY OF THE BODY AND MIND. It will startle, educate, and enlighten you.

My book is not a dry treatise on anatomy and physiology. It tells in a highly interesting and simple manner just what you have always wanted to know about yourself.

You will cherish this book for having given you the first real understanding of your body and mind. It shows how you may be able to obtain a superior life; it explains how you may make use of natural laws for your own advantage.

My book will give you a better understanding of yourself than you could obtain from a college course. The information which it imparts cannot be obtained elsewhere at any price. It shows the unlimited possibilities for you through conscious evolution of your cells; it explains my discoveries and what they are doing for men and women. Thousands have advanced themselves in every way through a better realization and conscious use of the principles which I have discovered and which I disclose in my book. It tells what Conscious Evolution means and what it may do for you. It also explains the DANGERS OF EXERCISE and of EXCESSIVE DEEP BREATHING.

My book explains the cause of HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE and HARDDENING OF THE ARTERIES, as well as OLD AGE conditions and how to overcome them.

I offer my System on a basis which makes it impossible for you to lose a single penny. My guarantee is startling, specific, positive and fraud-proof.

Write for my FREE BOOK and full particulars today before it slips your mind. Make up your mind to at least learn the facts concerning the SWOBODA SYSTEM OF CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION for men and women.

ALOIS P. SWOBODA, 1281 Aeolian Hall, New York City, N.Y.

The Swoboda System is guaranteed to be as represented



White Rock

"The World's Best Table Water"

Is superior on all occasions.

From the famous White Rock
Mineral Springs, Waukecha,
Wis., Office, 100 Broadway, N.Y.

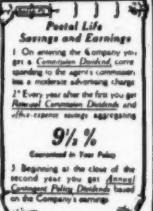
If you are thirty years old

— a standard, whole-life \$1000 policy in the Postal Life Insurance Company will cost you only \$1.67 (monthly) the first year. This is because you insure direct and get the benefit of the agent's commissions.

Subsequently, the saving is nine and one-half per cent. of the premium. In addition you get contingent policy-dividends based on the Company's earnings.

The Postal employs no agents—the resultant commission-saving goes to the insured.

Find out what you can save at your age



Simply write and say:

"Mail official insurance particulars as per
PUCK, April 3."

And be sure to give: 1. Your full name. 2. Your occupation. 3. The exact date of your birth.

Write us today

POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
Wm. R. MALONE, PRESIDENT
THIRTY-FIVE MASSAI STREET NEW YORK

Kor-Ker
SEALS
PUNCTURES
INSTANTLY

PUNCTURE CURE Preserves the tube. Overcomes slow leaks. Increases tire mileage 50%. Tubes last four times as long. Easily transferred to new casings. Tubes can be vulcanized without removing.

KOR-KER
PUNCTURE CURE Lasts forever—always efficient. 6% tonic, 94% air. Our booklet tells what prominent firms have found out. Write for it. 3 to 3½ inch tires \$8.00 per set, 4 to 4½ inch tires \$10.00.

District Managers Wanted. High-grade men capable of securing salesmen and financing orders. Unusual opportunity.

ALCEMO MFG. CO. Manufacturers and Distributors of Kor-Ker Puncture Cure 23 Bridge St., Newark, N.J.

Get out of the deepest Snow or Mud with the ALCEMO QUICK CHAIN ATTACHER. Attaches tire chain quickly and easily without soiling the hands or clothes even if wheels are hub deep. 50c. single, \$1.00 the pair. Dealer's terms on request.

ALCEMO MFG. CO., 23 Bridge St., Newark, N.J.



Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-Class Mail Matter

Mrs. Canary's Boarders Again Next Week

After the harrowing mystery of "The Vacant Chair," Mrs. Helena Smith-Dayton brings her amusing household together next week under the tantalizing caption, "Not a Wink of Sleep." What kept them awake? Ah, there's the artistry of this laugh-provoking series—you'll have to wait until next week's story to fathom the dark secret. The illustrations, of course, are from Mrs. Smith-Dayton's inimitable clay models. Anticipating a return of the hoop-skirt as an item of fashionable attire, we commissioned Ralph Barton to draw upon his fund of imagination to the extent of producing a double-page in color, illustrative of sights and scenes we may expect when the war-time "hoop" comes into its own. In many respects, this Barton creation is one of the most attractive "doubles" we've run. Admirers of "The Puppet Shop"—and they are legion!—will be glad to know that Mr. Nathan will be with us next week, as funny as ever.

Another Series by A. A. Milne, of London

Ever since "Rosemary" said "yes" to the persistent Mr. Denny, and thereby brought to an end her sprightly dialogue, the PUCK sanctum has been deluged with demands for more of Mr. Milne's pleasing humor. The chance of gratifying our readers looked exceedingly slim when word came from London that Mr. Milne had accepted a commission in Lord Kitchener's new army. Certainly the rain-filled trenches of Belgium offered small inspiration for the creation of another Miss Dainty. Now, however, comes a welcome line from Mr. Milne saying that he has found time to begin another series of sketches for PUCK, and that we may look for the first one at no far distant date. We hope to announce the title of the new series within a few weeks.

A Gift Print With Each Trial Subscription

On pages 22 and 23 of this number will be found announcements of prints which we send with each trial subscription to "America's Cleverest Weekly." These prints are in four colors, on heavy coated paper, and represent subjects that have been accorded a high measure of praise from PUCK's readers. Become a regular reader of PUCK for the next three months and receive one of these prints.

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"The last drop! I wonder if a Carstairs non-refillable bottle is really non-refillable?



"I'll bet I can fill it. It looks easy and I think it is."



"That doesn't seem to 'turn the trick.' Let's see—I've a better way."



"There now, I told you I could all it."



Be sure you get Carstairs Rye in the non-refillable bottle — "a good bottle to keep good whiskey good." Oldest; purest; finest whiskey in America. Skillfully blended and aged in wood.

Stewart Distilling Co.

Philadelphia New York
Baltimore



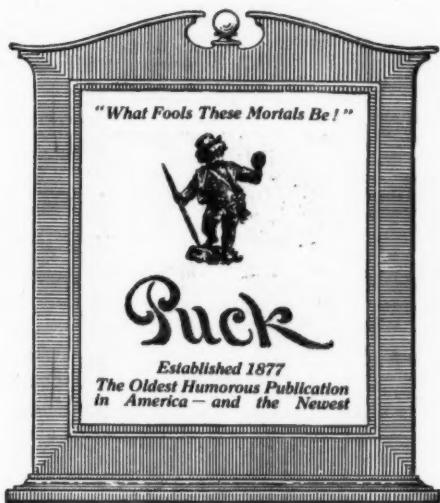
THE SEVEN WISE MEN OF GOTHAM



It is a far cry from the feminine Valentines of Conde Nast's *Vogue* to the four-hundred-and-twenty-point Gothic screamer of Mr. Hearst's *New York Evening Journal*, but here in these seven gentlemen you have the opinion-moulders of a very large portion of our country. As admiral of a fleet of some fifteen or more magazines and newspapers, Mr. Hearst is by long odds America's leading publisher. Aided and abetted by the able Mr. Arthur Brisbane (whose *Journal* has the largest circulation of any newspaper in America), Mr. Hearst seems to have made

more friends among the *peepul* by calling them hard names, than has Mr. Ochs, by admitting in the *New York Times*, that everything the dear public does is very nice indeed, thank you. Mr. Reick once worked for Mr. Ochs, and also for Mr. Bennett. This convinced him that he was big enough to run a newspaper all by himself, and the "reick-onstructed" *New York Sun* of to-day is evidence that the mantle of the late Charles A. Dana rests upon shoulders broad enough to wear it. (Mr. Reick admitted editorially the other day that *PUCK* is the best weekly in

America.) While Mr. Nast is telling the ladies of the "Four Hundred" how much—or how little—they ought to wear, Mr. Villard directs the political morals of their silk-stocking husbands through the *Evening Post*, at three cents per copy. Mr. Frank A. Munsey owns four newspapers, four magazines, a few trust companies, a chain of fifty grocery stores, a hotel, and a bachelor apartment at Sherry's. We are informed that he is a very busy man. All publishers are very busy men. With the European War butting in, none of these gentlemen can decide where to spend the summer.



VOL. LXXVII. NO. 1987. WEEK ENDING APRIL 3, 1915

DAUGHTER DIALOGUES—I

MISS INQUISITIVE: Father!

FOND MALE PARENT (*laying aside newspaper*): Yes, daughter?

M. I.: Why did they charge mother six cents a loaf for bread to-day?

F. M. P.: Because of the European War. (*Resumes paper.*)

M. I. (*after mature reflection*): Do we get all our bread from Europe, father?

F. M. P.: We don't get any of our bread from Europe, daughter.

M. I. (*a wrinkle of perplexity beginning to develop*): Father, what is bread made from?

F. M. P.: Flour, daughter, made from wheat.

M. I.: Then, I know; they have to bring all our wheat from Europe.

F. M. P.: No, they don't. We send big ship-loads of wheat to Europe.

M. I.: Then why did they charge mother six cents for a loaf of bread?

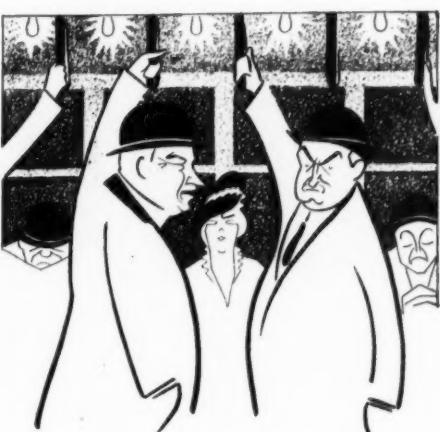
F. M. P.: Because, daughter, the price of wheat has gone up in Chicago.

M. I.: Father, do they grow all our wheat in Chicago?

F. M. P.: No, they don't grow any in Chicago.

M. I.: Then how can they raise the price of wheat there, father?

F. M. P.: Because some very shrewd gentlemen in Chicago buy all the wheat the farmers raise.

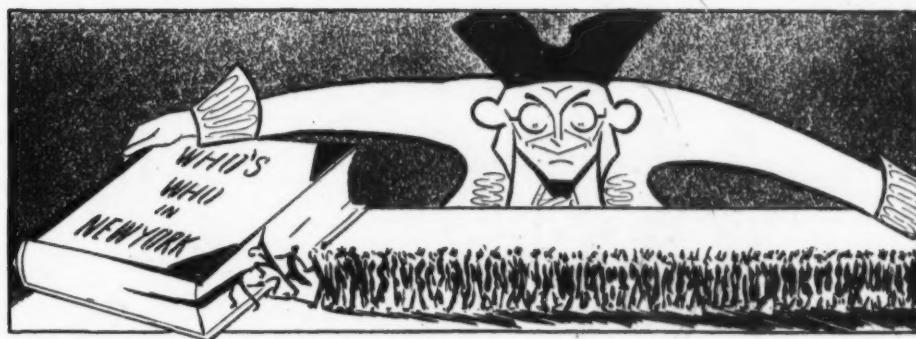


IN THE SUBWAY

MR. SH**TS: The people up-State think this is the most carefully-run road in the country.

MR. RY*N: How in the world do they get that idea?

MR. SH**TS: I always tell them that we haven't killed a cow since it was built.



M. I.: Oh, goody! Then Uncle John will get more money for the wheat he raises on his farm.

F. M. P.: No, he won't. He sold all his wheat last summer for the same price he received the year before.

Miss Inquisitive relapses into a deep silence. Finally:

M. I.: Father!

F. M. P.: Yes, daughter?

M. I.: Does Mr. Bibbins, the baker, have to pay



THE GROUND FLOOR

MR. V*ND*RB*T: Blue blood is a great thing. One is lucky to have ancestors who fought a hundred years ago.

MR. G*EL*T: One is luckier to have ancestors who bought a hundred years ago.

the gentlemen in Chicago a whole lot more for his flour?

F. M. P.: No, daughter; Mr. Bibbins signed a contract for all his flour months ago at the same price he has been paying for years.

M. I.: Then, father, Mr. Bibbins doesn't really have to charge mother any more for bread than he did last week.

F. M. P.: No, but Mr. Bibbins sees a chance of making a little more money.

M. I.: Is Mr. Bibbins honest, father?

F. M. P.: You'll have to ask Mr. Bibbins that, daughter.

Another silence elapses, during which Miss Inquisitive does some hard thinking.

M. I.: Father!

F. M. P. (*laying paper aside in desperation*): Yes, daughter?

M. I.: The gentlemen in Chicago must know a lot about wheat.

F. M. P.: On the contrary, daughter, most of them wouldn't know a bushel of wheat from a bushel of onions.

Miss Inquisitive picks up the discarded paper and reads. Suddenly:

M. I.: Oh, father, it says here that the government is going to investigate all about six-cent bread.

F. M. P.: Yes, daughter, there will be a thorough investigation.

M. I.: And then will mother be able to buy a loaf of bread for five cents?

F. M. P.: No, daughter, she'll continue to pay six cents.

Miss Inquisitive goes to the bookcase, selects a volume of John Stuart Mill, and settles herself for an evening's light reading.

Germany has mobilized for war purposes all the elephants in Hagenbeck's menagerie. Suggestion to American Society women: Why not Peanut Kits for war elephants?

High officials of the administration to-day pronounced the Mexican situation "unencouraging."

—Washington wire.

This will come as relief to all who feared it might be "discouraging." The high official who coined that word is wasting his time in the United States. He should be writing war bulletins for the Austrians.

The other day a live baby was found in a waste-paper can. A lesson to all housekeepers. Count your children carefully before the rubbish wagon comes.

A Boston clergyman advises the unemployed to walk through the streets, naked; thinking in that way to impress the indifferent with the gravity of the situation. The possibility of their being mistaken for Society en route to the Opera doesn't seem to have occurred to him.

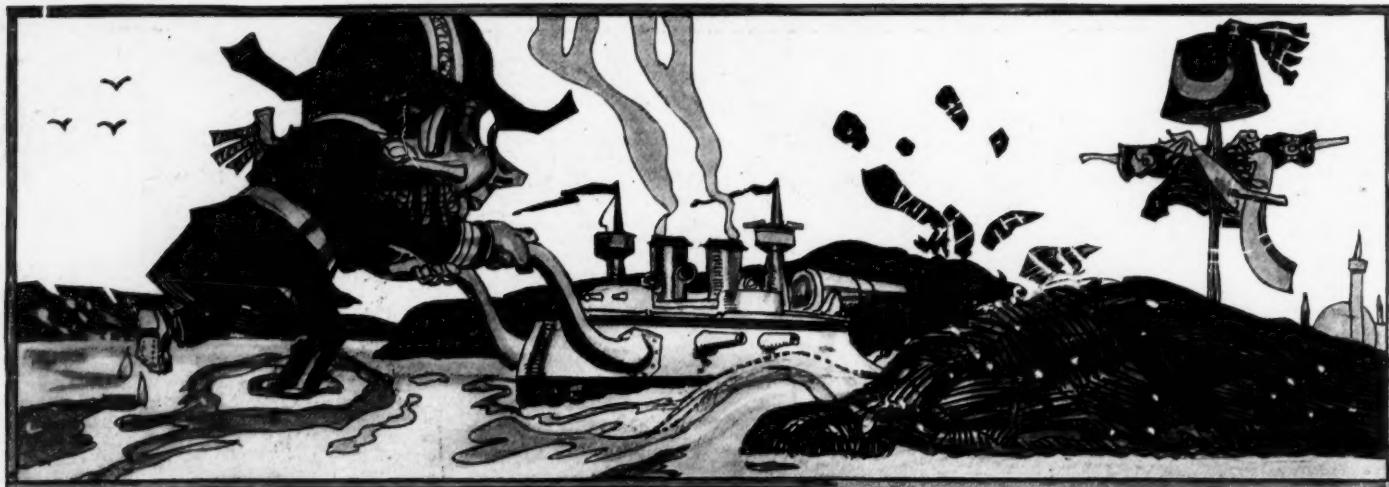


THEATRICAL DISTINCTION

MOVIE OPERATOR: Ain't you afraid that other guy will get excited and cut his brains out?

CH**L'S FR*HM*N: No'matter, so long as his face isn't cut. He's one of my matines idols. you know.

Puck

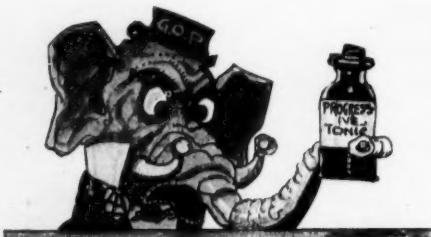


THE NEWS IN RIME

Verses by DANA BURNET

Illustrations by MERLE JOHNSON

A gentleman of Washington,
Quite fond of innovations,
Left tombstones as a parting gift
To all his poor relations.
A Chinese gent said we should have
Less talkie and more farmee;
T. R. agreed
To fill our need,
And be the U. S. army.



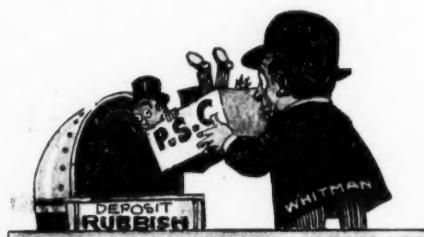
The G. O. P. is said to be
Engaged in convalescing;
The Austrian reserves received
A taste of Russian dressing.
'Tis Spring! We note on every hand
The young men turning fancy;
The Germans sank
A sailing Yank,
And Wilhelm sighed for Nancy.

Bill Sunday said that he would lick
The Devil, and decide it—
A flash from Satan's training camp
Indignantly denied it.
Our good Vice-President announced
That he had naught to thrill him;
A Banker's spouse
Perceived a mouse,
And called a cop to kill him.



Poor Greece is changing cabinets
As fast as she can do so;
Eftsoons a nation not at war
Will feel as lorn as Crusoe.
The one-man submarine will prove
A pleasing summer notion;
The Reno route
Invites your suit,*
And England claimed the ocean.
* Adet.

The baseball pitchers, near and far,
Are learning how to bend 'em;
'Tis said the end of strife will be
By woman's referendum.
Americans in Mexico
Were told to pack their treasures;
The latest hue
Is Belgian blue,
And golf has swelled our pleasures..



It seems a baby is the best
Alarm for burglar warnings,
Although we're told they're apt to ring
Quite early in the mornings.
Short men have better brains, they say,
And sharper wits than long ones—
It makes us glum,
We're medium!
And Wilson's words were strong ones.

The war-like note in women's clothes,
Long hat-pins, we conjecture,
Has stirred the Ladies' Peace Crusade
To loose a cutting lecture.
Fair Harvard may abolish beer—
It is so crude and vulgar;
The Dardanelles
Have shed their shells,
And aren't the Balkans Bulgar?



Buck

7

MY MUSICAL CONFRERES

BY

Enrico Caruso

A page of impressions
drawn especially for PUCK
by the celebrated tenor,
who adds the gift of carica-
turing to the possession of
the world's highest priced
voice.



Caruso
in "Carmen"



Carl Muck,
Operatic Conductor

Caruso in
a brown study



"Totomno" is Scotti,
his partner in many
duets

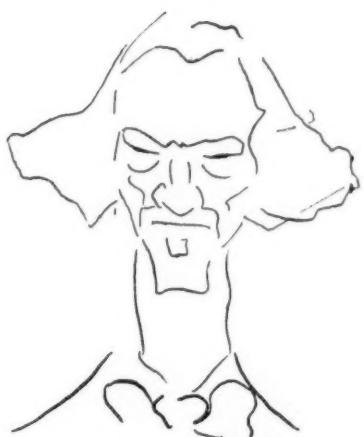


TOTONNO !



CAPITONE!

"Billy" Guard, the Metropolitan's
Press-Agent, becomes "Capitone!"



Paderewsky, the Famous Pianist

O PADRONE!



Josef Hofmann,
Pianist



Frieda Hempel,
Coloratura Soprano



O MASTO!

Caruso's estimate of Toscanini's
conducting is best measured by
the nickname appended to the
caricature—"The Master."



PASCA:

Pasquale Amato and the name he
answers to behind the scenes



Gustav Charpentier,
Composer of "Louise"
and "Julien"





PAINTED BY B. WENNERBERG
OF MUNICH

SHE KNEW HIS BUSINESS

THE GROOM (*an advertising man*): My darling, I can't think of an appropriate pet name for you!

THE BRIDE: Oh, you'll simply have to, dearest; it's too late now to start a prize contest to help you out!

Buck

THE JOKE ON GIUSEPPE

Bertie Carraway had an idea. Really, it was about time, for Bertie had had no idea since the autumn of 1899, when he had donned a bathing-suit and a silk hat and jumped into the public fountain in the city of Oldport. Oldport was the watering-place of the Four Hundred. By which you need not assume that the Four Hundred used any of the water internally.

At the time Bertie Carraway bathed in the Oldport fountain, he was not a member of the Four Hundred. He was a rank outsider. But that master-stroke of policy was bound to get him something in a watering-place where excitements were too few; and it did. Bertie became a member of the Four Hundred. He was the four-hundredth and last member. He had no money, and no social position. He rose to eminence by sheer power of original thinking. And yet some people say that "society" doesn't appreciate brains!

Year after year the Four Hundred looked to Bertie Carraway to have another idea. Society was forever on the *qui vive*, awaiting another sensation. But for seven years Bertie rested on his laurels. And then, just as Oldport's summer colony had about concluded that the springs of originality in Bertie had dried up, he came to his own rescue by discovering Giuseppe.

And who was Giuseppe? A barber. And how did Bertie happen to make the acquaintance of a mere barber? By accident.

If you are at all familiar with Oldport, you may have seen, next door to the fire-engine house, a little shop with a red-and-white striped pole outside. That used to be the humble shaving emporium of Giuseppe. There used to be a sign on the window: "Giuseppe Capodilupo." There is another sign on the window now. Giuseppe isn't there any more.

Bertie's man, Wilson, was sick one morning, and Bertie needed a shave. He lathered his face, full of the grim determination to shave himself. He even went so far as to take from the lacquered box of seven razors the particular razor labeled "Tuesday." The first stroke nicked his right ear. The second stroke gouged his pale cheek.

Seven years of enervating dependence on Wilson had rendered Bertie unskilful. So he removed the lather from his countenance and went around to Giuseppe's place. He might easily have called up another male member of the Four Hundred and had a "man" sent around. But Bertie was full of the daring spirit of adventure that morning. So he patronized Giuseppe.

There was nobody in the emporium when Bertie arrived, except Giuseppe. That was something of a relief. Bertie placed himself on the chair and murmured his wishes.

"Razor all right?" asked Giuseppe, as he scraped.

"Bene, bene," replied Bertie.

"You speak Italian?" asked Giuseppe, delightedly.

"Poco, poco," replied Bertie, who had made good use of his three Mediterranean journeys.

Whether it was a mere habit of the barber, or whether it was the sheer thrill of having a polished linguist in his chair—or whatever other reason—Giuseppe suddenly burst into song.

Now, one of the inalienable rights that Garibaldi gained for the Italian people was the right to sing. Some Italians sing better than others, of course. There is Caruso on one hand; on the other hand—well, on the other hand, there was Giuseppe. Both Caruso and Giuseppe were of the tenor persuasion. In other words, they

proximity of the gleaming array of razors. One does not feel like taking liberty with the owner of edged tools.

Again Giuseppe, full of misdirected vocal energy, ran through his repertoire. Then, suddenly, the man in the chair twitched violently and began to breathe more quickly. Following this he shuddered. Then all was quiet again. *But it had happened. The idea had arrived. Seven long years had passed; but manifestly not in vain. Bertie Carraway had another idea!*

Straight from the barber's chair Bertie Carraway went to the summer palace of Mrs. Bodge-Bleason. Mrs. Bodge-Bleason was, at that date, the acknowledged leader of the Oldport smart set.

The magnificence of her entertainments, added to the almost superhuman skill of her press-agent, had made her famous wherever the Sunday newspaper goes. Also, Mrs. Bodge-Bleason had been a kind of protector of Bertie Carraway. In the darkest days of the seven idea-less years, she had sometimes been almost alone in his defence. "Give him time," she adjured. "Bertie will think of something yet."

The patience of Mrs. Bodge-Bleason was rewarded. She knew, when she saw the smile-wreathed features of her protege, that it was something good.

"Have you made all your arrangements for the next Wednesday fete?" he asked her.

"Yes; but of course I could always find room for a really big feature," she replied, expectantly.

"I have it."

"Really? Something quite different?"

"Absolutely. Listen: An Italian barber who sings."

Mrs. Bodge-Bleason's face fell (as the phrase is—though the actual spectacle of a falling face would be worth going far to see). "Pshaw!" she said. "Is that all, Bertie? I don't see anything in that."

"But he is simply awful. He can't sing."

"Neither can most of the famous talent I've paid large sums to entertain us," replied Mrs. Bodge-Bleason, sadly.

"But he thinks he can," persisted Bertie.

"So do they," was the bitter reply.

"But don't you see," went on Bertie, saving the denouement to the end, "what a lark it would be if we get him over here, dress him up, and take nobody into our confidence? Then, at the right time, just when he is doing his worst, we can let the joke be known. It'll simply be a howl. Don't you see it?"

When the glad tidings were brought to the humble shop of Giuseppe Capodilupo, the joy of the barber was excessive. It was with difficulty that he could be persuaded to finish the other side of the face of the last gentleman in the chair. As it was, he worked with such an unsteady hand that the gentleman arose with a heart full of thanks that his person was still reasonably intact.

(Continued on page 22)



MRS. VERNON CASTLE

started on equal terms. But they finished—oh, well, Giuseppe was a good barber. Why not let it go at that?

After Giuseppe had run trillingly along a few bars of Leoncavallo, and had paid some fond attention to Verdi, and had got what satisfaction he wanted out of Puccini, he slapped a hot towel upon Bertie's face, tweaked the latter's sensitive nose in a workmanlike manner, and asked: "You like the sing?"

"Molto, molto," replied Bertie, like a native. "Give me a massage, and sing some more." Inwardly, Bertie was chuckling. He would have chuckled outwardly, had it not been for the

Puck



AND SO IT GOES

The handsome patient's fine brown eyes followed his lovely nurse as she moved lissomely about the sick-room, now smoothing his pillow with a fairy-light touch, now placing a hand of exquisite coolness on his fevered brow, seeming like an ethereal being from another world.

"Nurse," sighed the sick young millionaire, "will you let me say something that's been on my mind?"

She glided to the side of his bed, her snowy uniform rustling like angels' wings. Her patient managed to catch one of her cool hands between both of his, and she allowed it to remain there.

"Nurse," he said, slowly, "I am a man of sentiment and a slave to convention. Conventional sentiment demands that a sick young millionaire must fall in love with his poor but charming nurse, and marry her.

I have been watching the calm play of your classic features, studying your angelic nature as you ministered sweetly to my querulous wants. You are the ideal nurse of convention. I am the sick young millionaire."

Tenderly, while she cast down her violet eyes, he patted her hand.

"Alas, nurse!" he mused, "I am married." Thoughtfully, she returned the pat. "So am I," she replied, gently.

*One
Vaude-
ville!*

Caroline Caffin's book on "Vaudeville" is

to blame for a week of self-indulgence at the variety houses. Her clever and comprehensive estimates of the "artists" and performers in this field of entertainment sent me back to Broadway in a curious state of mind, and gave me a perfectly scrumptious time. When I say Caroline Caffin I must include Marius De Zayas, for that diabolically clever cartoonist, caricaturist, and ironical and fantastical commentator on folly as it flies, has illustrated this new

book, published by Mitchell Kennerly. In a world of changeless change, I reflected, there is one thing that remains stable—the Vaudeville. During my youthful days it was called the Variety Stage, and was not much talked about in polite society. The underworld of the theatre could not then boast of Sarah Bernhardt, Yvette Guilbert, Ethel Barrymore, Mrs. Brown Potter, Cecilia Loftus, Nazimova, or Calve; yet we enjoyed ourselves with the "talent" we got—many of whom later graduated into the "legitimate" theatre, full-fledged celebrities. I need hardly refer to Weber and Fields—who were more entertaining in their brief sketch than in their so-called plays; a little of them went a long way. The same may be said of Evans and Hoey, when "Bill" Hoey ("Old Hoss") was in his roaring prime. His brother, "Jim" Hoey—who called himself, in derisive imitation, "Young Mule"—for speed and jollity could not be excelled. I am not writing history to-day, but making an attempt to relate my adventures among the masterpieces of local and contemporaneous Vaudeville after reading Caroline Caffin and her unique book.

Emma Calve I selected a capital week for my plunge into the jungles of the vibratile, glittering way. Emma Calve came back—literally; Mrs. Carter was at the Colonial, Trixie Friganza at the Victoria, and the accomplished Alla Nazimova in "War Brides" at the Orpheum, Brooklyn. Naturally, I was most interested in the reappearance of Calve. I was present at her debut two decades ago in the Metropolitan Opera House, on the historical night when she first wiggled her celebrated hips as Carmen. When the Wagnerian soprano, Katrina Krafsky, sung Isolde here, I said that she looked like a cook but sang like an angel. Now Calve looked like an angel—an angel of darkness—and sang like one. So it was with a rather heavy heart I went to Keith's Palace Theatre, and, by good luck, secured a box-seat, the last in the house. It is true, the seasons roll 'round, the years pass, and Vaudeville remains a fixed quantity. It is the most democratic of shows. You may come, you may go, it doesn't matter. One act bores, the next delights. You like dancing, here it is starred; you are fond of sentimental ditties, and you get more than your fill; if acrobatic feats or low-comedy are favorites, you cannot complain. In some houses there is emphasis placed on music, in others on "playlets"; you have your choice from the broadest burlesque to "thrilling" pictures. The majority rules. If you don't care for the show you needn't stay. The veteran who once applauded Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams, Horace Lingard, Gus Williams, will not find these once-familiar faces, but other talents equally as enjoyable, equally as fresh. Vaudeville is eternally the same. It is the best viable example of Nietzsche's doctrine of Eternal Recurrence. I noted that the comedian fell down to the bang of the drum, that his gags had local color, but the underlying structure

THE SEVEN ARTS

BY JAMES HUNEKER



DO YOU KNOW THESE CRITICAL PERSONS?

In the picture, each in an aisle seat so as to facilitate escape, are Alan Dale, Acton Davies, Charles Darnton, and James Metcalfe. Pick them out yourself.

DRAWN BY
MARIUS DE ZAYAS

hadn't varied; that the same excellent diction prevailed—every syllable could be heard; and that the singing was as execrable as of old. The one statement in the Caffin book I take exception at is this matter of music. She says Vaudeville audiences know what good music is, and demand it. Yes, good "vaudeville music," i. e., rhythmic movement, not real music. The same old slush and sentiment, on the same old tonic and dominant harmonies; the same old barbershop chords; the same old twaddle about "mother" and "sweetheart"—but there, I didn't go to the

Palace in a critical humor, but to warm the cockies of my memory with the sight of Calve. I am not a highbrow. The bill was prolonged before she came on the scene. For one blessed moment I thought I was back in the last decade of the nineteenth century. The illusion soon vanished. Emma is more massive now. She is also older, alas! But her hair is of raven hue, and, while those resilient haunches no more respond to their bewitching owner's prompting, she is still a picturesque and comely woman. Instead of the Mysoli air from "Pearl of Brazil," as announced, Madame Calve, with a rose in her mouth, began the Habanera from "Carmen" in no uncertain manner. Her voice is full, rich, with a certain desolate, tropical richness; above all, darker in color. Also more unwieldy as to its management. Nevertheless, its condition surprised me. Most certainly Calve is not "out-sung," as our German friends have it. I didn't hear her staccato work, so I can't vouch for her vocal agility. At her first Sunday night appearance in the Metropolitan, years ago, she sang the David air, and we learned then that she was a *coloratura* singer of the first order. Here was versatility for you. Perhaps wisely, she did not attempt any sky-larking with the aid of the nimble and pleasing flute the afternoon I heard her (a Wednesday matinee). The end of the Habanera she did not take the octave above, and this was sensible. But in an encore, a single stanza, unaccompanied, the "Chant Berger," she sang a veiled high C in pianissimo, stealthily gliding to it with her old art. The

Deroulede "Le Clarion," with its trumpet calls, its echoes of Adam, also Faure, and its dramatic by-play, made a considerable impression, but when the dark-eyed Frenchwoman began the "Suwanee River," there was a roar of joy. She sang it with an exotic touch that not even Parepa Rosa, Patti, or Christine Nilsson lent to it. Truly, it was full of a penetrating sweetness that made moist the eyes. I've impersonated the various roles of James Huneker for over a half century now, but here was something new—my eyelids were wet. Not because Emma Calve brought back my youth—as a matter of record, she did not; when I first heard I was not young, and had an imposing waist measurement; not because the pity-motive sounded, as the Wagnerians would say—it is no longer considered "inartistic" to sing in vaudeville at \$4,000 a week. No, it was because of the compelling charm and the unaffected art of the woman. To be sure, there are holes in her voice—she has to paint it in different colors; her youth has fled—yet, you may shatter the vase, Calve is still Calve. She has not survived her personality.



A MASTERPIECE BY WILLIAM M. CHASE

A young lady who sat next to me, and desperately chewed gum, presumably to conceal her emotions, remarked to a "lady friend": "Say, Calve is some singer!" Then I knew the heart of the great public had been reached. And it was truly a public, to judge from the

(Continued on page 20)



Text by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

"AMONG THOSE NOTICED ON MA-

"Get thee hence," said they, "and nose the spirit of Broadway, smell out the spirit of Fifth Avenue."

And the writing fellow, he smiled a saucy smile, for well he knew he could not fail, for had he not sauntered the boulevards and the highways of all the world and had he not with handsome sagacity painted well their diverse souls?

There are few things that may not be best imagined in terms of girl. There are few things, came the writing fellow to think, that we do not visualize in terms of girl. From Columbia, the Tecla Gem of the Ocean, to blind Justice; from Liberty Enlightening the Staten Island Ferries to Liebig's Beef Extract; from the Road of Anthracite to Faith, Hope, and Charity, a girl is ever the symbol. Girl, toujours girl! The only time they ever use poor man for a symbol is when Hearst undresses him, calls him Labor, and puts him to work as a decoration for Elbert Hubbard.

Might not, therefore, bethought himself this writing fellow, the spirit of Broadway and the spirit

of Fifth Avenue so also best be interpreted by girl? But to find the properly typical, symbolical chicken — that was no velvet-lined task.

First, to find the spirit girl of Broadway. He found her at last, after weary, weary search. He found her, typical, symbolical. He found her by the in a White Way dancing restaurant in the neighborhood of the Fifties. Her face was painted, quite obviously. Her hair was of a reddish hue and somewhat frizzy. Her eyes were penciled. Her patent leather shoes had conspicuous white uppers with big black buttons.

Second, to find the spirit girl of Fifth Avenue. He found her at last, after weary, weary search. He found her, typical, symbolical. He found her by the in an Avenue hotel dancing restaurant in the neighborhood of the Forties. Her face was free of paint, quite obviously. Her hair was of a soft brown and gently coiled. Her eyes were vivid blue, plainly free from penciling. Her little boots were of a dark russet.

He never knew that his expressive symbol of Fifth Avenue happened to be one of Ziegfeld's chorus girls and his expressive symbol of Broadway a daughter of the Social Register.

It is Springtime on the highways of the world. There are robins already in the trees that flank the Champs Elysees and there are robins already about the parkway below the great gold Austrian dome of St. Stephen's. And on Broadway the actors are already wearing pea-green Alpine hats with yellow bands and taffy-colored chamois gloves.

It is Springtime on the highways of the world. The leaves are soft and wet, like a young girl's lips, on the boughs wherein the robins of the Bois de Boulogne trill the Marseillaise. And on Fifth Avenue the flappers are already leaving off their petticoats.

But other tokens of Spring caress the passing orb. On Broadway are beginning to loom up in the offing "all-star casts" — that is to say, casts composed of all stars for whom the public doesn't any longer

Avenue looking

On Br the Ex- al show sign of a

It is Sp Johnny on Bro dust and

Beds" a

the breez going in silken ou upper Th

Who's tell you, on the a

Paul Armstrong W. R. Hearst Jerome Siegel Flo. Ziegfeld Victor Herbert Charles F. Murphy



Judge Peter Barlow Winthrop Ames Margaret Illington Lee Shubert Nazimova John Drew Lydia Lopoukowa David Belasco May Irwin



ON MAIN STREET WERE ——”

Caricatures by MARIUS DE ZAYAS

longer give a darn. And the traffic cops on the Avenue are beginning to escort only the likelier looking baggages across the crowded crossings.

On Broadway, the venerable dramatic critic of the *Evening Post* is beginning to sit up at the musical shows and take notice—this, the surest Spring sign of all; indeed, the sign by which all Broadway knows annually that Spring has come.

It is Spring upon the two big boulevards. And Johnny comes marching (away from) home. And on Broadway the breezes are full of new-born dust and New York Journals, and ads of "Twin Beds" and Paul Armstrong; and on the Avenue the breezes are full of gasoline and (when you're going in the right direction) visions of limbs in silken outline. And in the club windows in the upper Thirties, one sees the old boys once again throw out their chests.

Who's Who on Broadway? I cannot accurately tell you, sweet reader. You see, I am writing this on the afternoon of Wednesday, March the Ninth,

and, whereas it is not scheduled to appear in PUCK for several weeks, were I to prepare a list of who's who on Broadway now, that list would be completely out of date by the time it came out. Things change rapidly on Broadway.

The great men of Broadway to-day are members of the what's-become-of club to-morrow. The most agile roof-garden fox-trotter of the hour may get his feet wet on the way home and be put out of the game forever by rheumatism. The biggest theatrical manager may produce a really fine musical comedy and become a bankrupt. The most illustrious vaudevillian may suddenly decide to go to night-school. The most popular actress may go and get married. The leading matinee idol may one evening leave at home the long black ribbon on which he wears his watch. Somebody might sit on Oscar Hammerstein's silk hat. You never can tell.

Author's Note.—Whenever a writer writes about Broadway he must not forget to include some reference or other to George Cohan. Therefore, consider George referred to.

Who's Who on Fifth Avenue? An infinitely simpler task. To gain a precise notion of who's who on Fifth Avenue, merely read the society page of any New York newspaper. You will then know who isn't.

But what matters it who's who? Let him take the other view of the matter who, on a warm April noon, has never seen, and felt pulse stir at sight of, some completely utterly unknown little midinette shrinking back to the Avenue curb before a suddenly swerving motor—some completely utterly unknown little thing with eyes like a Maxfield Parrish sky, and hair like scattered honey, and ankles like Ninette's in distant Villandraut. Let him take the other view of the matter who, on a soft warm April evening, has never seen, and felt pulse stir at sight of, the long, long vista of Avenue lights flirting with one another in the mirror of damp sloping asphalt. What are mere queens of the salons as against these? What mere presidents of National Banks?

It is Springtime on the highways of the world.



ON THE OTHER HAND —

Written by
Simeon Strunsky

Caricatures by
Hy Mayer

WALTER DAMROSCH



DUDLEY FIELD
MALONE
THE COLLECTOR
OF THE PORT



IRVIN S. COBB



CHARLES DANA
GIBSON'S
LINE OF BEAUTY



F. HOPKINSON
SMITH
WHO WRITES, PAINTS
ENGINEERS



Puck's Board of Strategy

Smith said that if New York escapes the fate predicted by Billy Sunday it will be because the city is not lost to all sense of religion. The Sabbath is not a dead letter. A city that sleeps as New York sleeps till 10 a.m. on Sunday has plainly kept something of the old faith.

Smith came into the Pennsylvania Station one Sunday in an upper berth from Washington. He was dressed when the train pulled in and he walked with his bag to Broadway where he waited for an Amsterdam Avenue car. It was 7:15 and he said the peace of the town was appalling. His footsteps re-echoed and he felt like Edgar Allan Poe. There was something almost sinister, he said, about the frowning pile of Gimbel's — though there I suspect a bit of literary affectation—and the windows of the drug store he peered into while waiting for his car filled him with a poignant melancholy.

Nothing has ever brought home to Smith so acutely the vanity of life as the windows of this Broadway drug store early on Sunday. Or for that matter any drug store, if you think of the joy of life that beats between the glass counters toward midnight—youth, laughter, light everywhere,

where, a Niagara of light, the hot tones of fruit syrups, the gleam of thermos bottles and the marble and silver of the soda fountain. In the unnatural light of 7:20 a.m., the soda fountain, Smith said, was a sepulchre; he could almost smell the lees of the night's orgy and the thermos bottles were—he used the word again—sinister. It was dreadful.

The Amsterdam Avenue car was perhaps ten minutes in coming. From across the street a policeman watched him more than curiously. The man was plainly suspicious of Smith's suit-case, suspicious and puzzled. If it had been two hours after midnight, Smith felt, the officer would not have given him another thought. It was in the natural course of things. But a man with a bag at 7:25 a.m. on Sunday called for an explanation. Smith did not blame the officer. He knew himself in a false position and his behavior consequently betrayed a degree of ill ease which would have justified the policeman in asking him

to open his bag and show what he had inside. The suspense was terrific. Once more Smith felt like Edgar Allan Poe. He was of a mind to shriek out and confess everything.

Fortunately the car came. It stopped half way up the block, because the motorman seemed to have lost his presence of mind when asked to stop by a passenger at 7:30 a.m. on Sunday. He threw himself forward on the brake and brought the car to a stop some time before Smith, sprinting at top speed, could reach it. The motorman gave him a queer look over his shoulder and, when the conductor had rung up his fare, the motorman and the conductor exchanged a knowing smile. A warm sun streamed in through the colored glass of the ventilators and made red and yellow patterns on the carpeted seats. It was ghastly.

The car rasped on its way through streets asleep. Everything was locked—it was sinister, Smith said; drug stores wearing the worn face of a wanton in the full light, tobacconists closed, delicatessen stores closed. Smith thought of the plot of a short story. He imagined a man perishing of starvation sometime about half past seven in the morning on Sunday at Amsterdam Avenue and Seventy-second Street, and no one to help.

Only at Ninety-sixth Street did life's realities begin to emerge out of the nightmare. A boy went by pushing a hand-cart heaped high with comic supplements. For a moment the color and gusto of every day came back to Smith and then even the comic supplements grew unreal in that unfamiliar early light, the push-cart was animated evil, and the boy whistled in the most sinister fashion imaginable. He was not out on legitimate business; there was about him something of New York's underworld.

Life grew somewhat more familiar to Smith when he dropped from the car and hurried west to his apartment house. He saw a baker's wagon, a milk-cart, a street-cleaner toying with his broom. He began to think it might all be true; and yet not without an effort. He could not see himself as part of the picture. There was no other word for it, Smith said; he felt religious. The mood settled on him when he turned into his own house.

He let himself in quietly so as not to arouse the family, washed, and sat down to read. But at 8:20 in the morning on Sunday the paper had no meaning to him. He read as through a glass, darkly. He lay down on the couch in the library and went to sleep. At ten-thirty he woke and found the world as he had always known it.



DAVID
BISPHAM



FRANZ KNEISEL
VIOLINIST

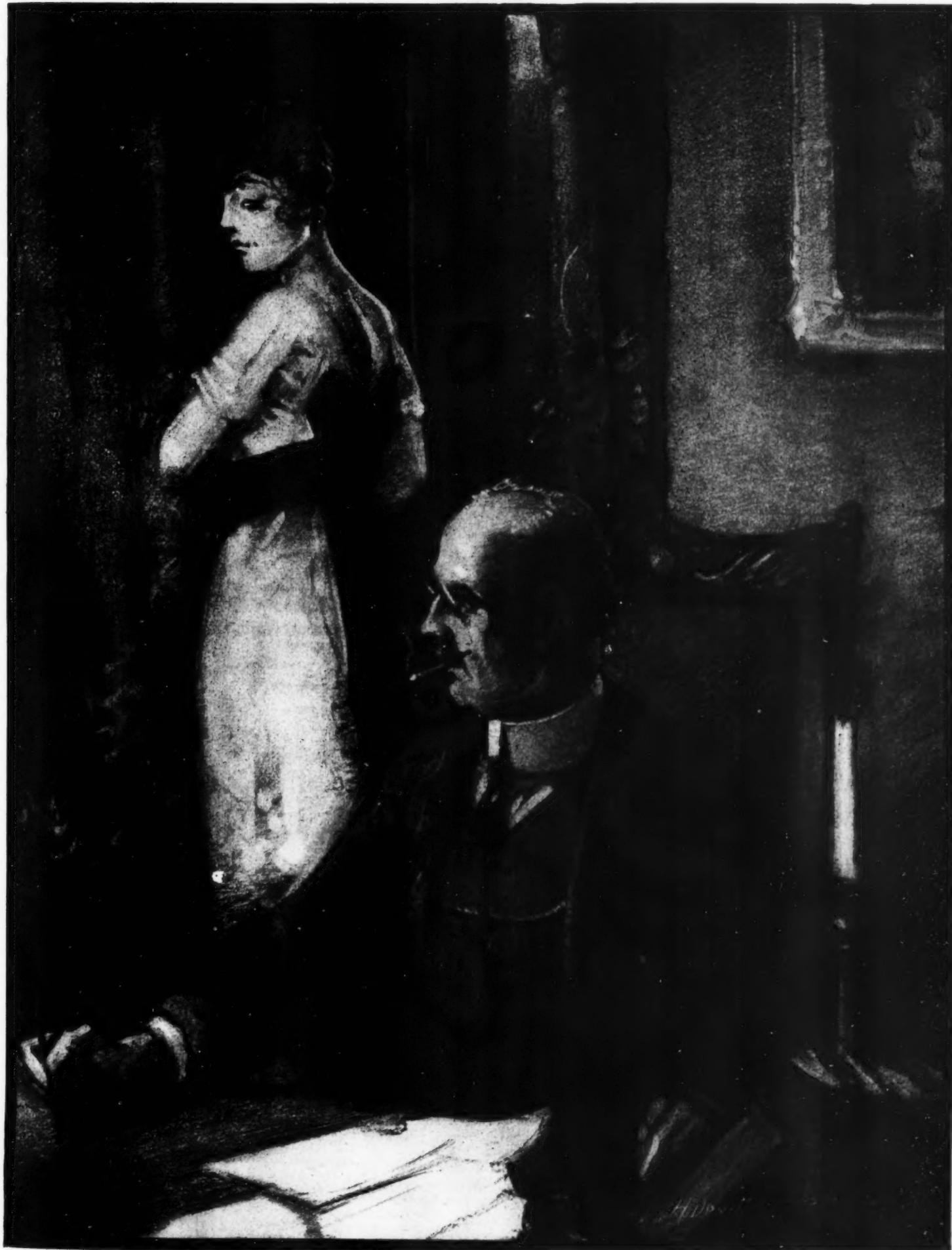


AN
AFTER DINNER
FAVORITE
PATRICK FRANCIS MURPHY



THE PIANIST
RAFAEL JOSEFFY

Puck

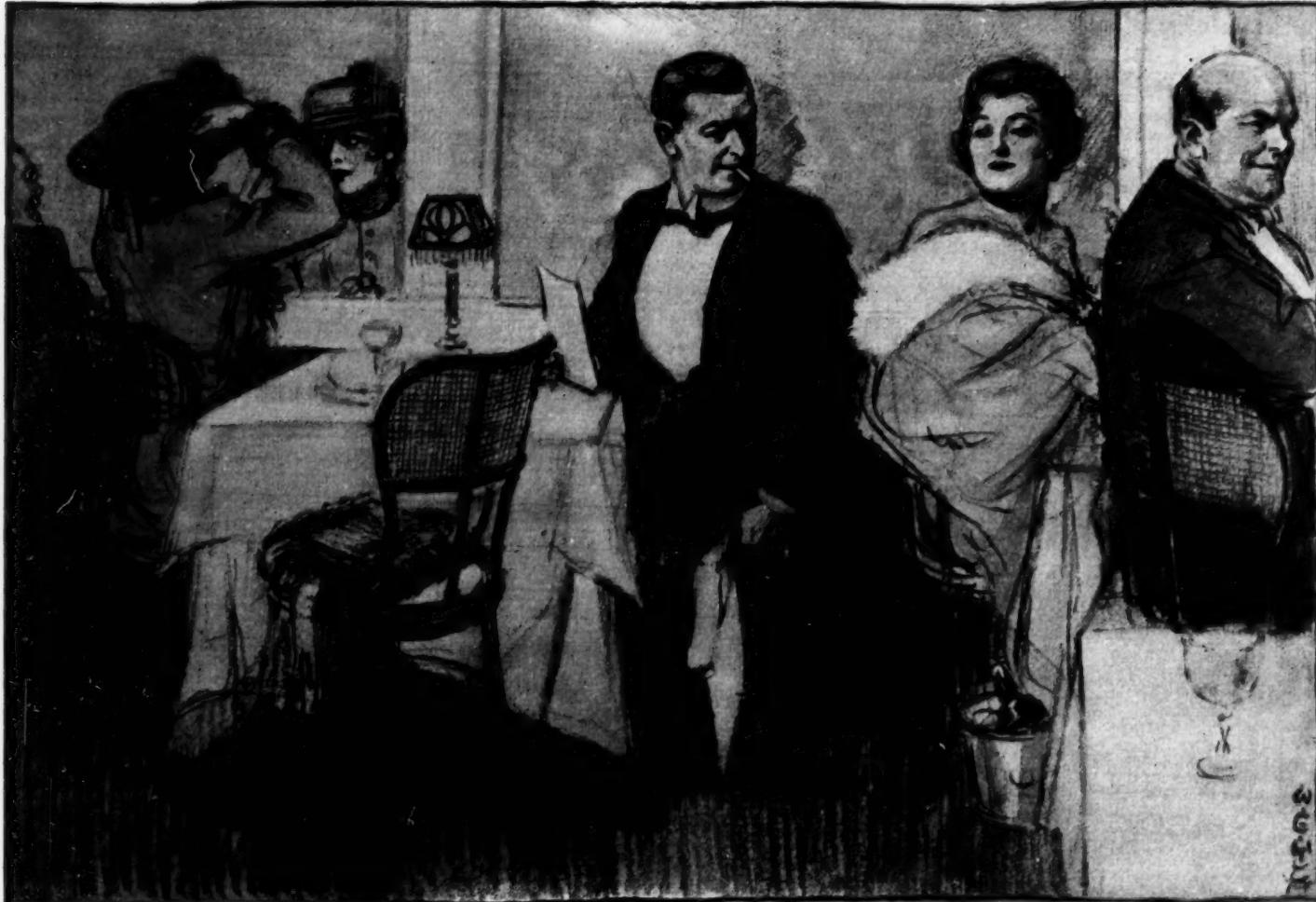


HISTORY A LA NEW YORK

MR. HABERDASH (*preparing an after-dinner speech*): Emily, who was it
said "Give me liberty, or give me death!"?

MRS. HABERDASH: Harry Thaw!

Puck



WHO'S WHO IN NEW YORK?

Why, the Other Fellow's Girl.

A TIP TO GATTI-CASAZZA

A tenor with a name like Caruso, or Scotti, or Madame Schumann-Heink has such a tremendous unearned advantage over plain George Brown, Henry K. Jones, or Milly Smith, that this little tip might be worth something to Gatti-Casazza. The item is from *The Star of Hope*, published at Sing Sing prison:

On Christmas night Warden Osborne was given quite a surprise. The evening before the leader of the choir, No. 60876, who himself sings tenor, made up a special chorus consisting of Nos. 65398, first tenor; 64737, second tenor; 61550, first basso; 63594 and 57871 second bassos, with No. 55719 as violinist, and No. 64395 as organist. When the carol was concluded he led in the hearty applause and for an encore Nos. 60876 and 65398 rendered the duet, "While the Angelus Was Ringing." Nos. 61550 and 63594 joined in the second chorus.

As a leveling process, leaving only the bare bones of merit, there is nothing like giving a singer a number. In the future, if G.-C. adopts this plan, we may see something like the following in our morning paper:

Last night No. 34567 sang "Rhadames" in "Aida" to an intensely enthusiastic audience. No. 67876 was also in excellent voice, and her rendering of the solo in the second act brought forth great and deserved rounds of applause. It has been some time since the opera loving public has heard such singing. No. 43291 was suffering from a bad throat, or else he is growing rather too old for the business. He ought to change his occupation for a time, and selling pineapples may give his throat a much needed rest. He might come back to opera with the renewed vigor of expression that only selling pineapples gives.

Or something like this which would be fair all the way around.

AN ALL-DAY JOB

"Three hours late to dinner! Three hours!!!"

"Yes, dear; Jinks detained me. He dropped into the office this morning and I inadvertently asked him what he thought about the war."



GETTING A HAND

N.Z.M.VA: If an actress is fortunate abroad she gets a chance to play before three or four kings. D.N.L FR.HM.N: Over here she is lucky if she gets a chance to play to a full house now and then.

TRIUMPH

The goal of fame eluded Le Twang for years and years, even though he lived in a garret and toiled and toiled with his musical compositions. Critics and friends shook their heads and said: "Poor Le Twang! Not for him are the laurels of immortality!"

But at last one twilight he received his inspiration when a letter was handed him, a letter from home telling him of the death of his faithful Ferdinand. With tears in his eyes he sat down and composed a piece so pathetic and so touching that it achieved the very acme of fame.

Indeed, so soulful was this composition that it worked its way even to the cafes where it was played as a tune for people to eat by.

COMPLIMENTARY

"That lady once paid me a great compliment, perhaps the greatest tribute a woman can pay a man in these topsy-turvy times."

"Do you mean to say she asked you to marry her?"

"Greater than that. She picked me out as one of the jurors in her murder trial."

HANDY EXCUSE

NEW YORK COP: Not a panhandler, huh? Why, I saw you stop three different gents within five minutes.

WORLD TRAVELER: True, officer; but not one of them could direct me to the Hotel de Gink! Can you, sir?

Judge.—An apostolic mole; a yogi by proxy; an owl whose brain has destroyed his wisdom.

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All Around
The Town
Being Odds and
Ends of the Big City
from the Sketch
Book of Our
Wandering Artist.



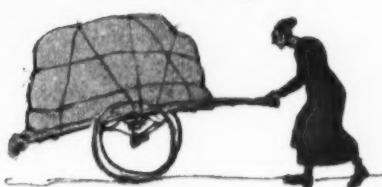
The Pretzel
Man on a cold
day



The old Jewish graveyard
at Chatham Square



Milligan Place a blind
alley on Sixth Avenue



WASTE PAPER.

BAKED BEANS FIVE
CENTS A BAG BUT
NO JUICE



THE RULING
SPORT OF THE
YOUNGER
GENERATION



The Little Church Around the Corner.



The Woolworth building
through a bridge arch



CABBAGES AND CLOTHES ARE NOT
THE ONLY THINGS SOLD ON PUSHCARTS



Underneath the Brooklyn Bridge

PAINTED BY RAYMOND C. EWER



WHO'S NOT WHO IN NEW YORK

HER MAKE

"Home is what you make it," observed Mr. Wombat, ponderously.

Mrs. Wombat was in a half doze.

"I make it no trumps," murmured she.

SWOLLEN

TRAMP: Could you spare me one of your husband's old hats, mum?

WOMAN: They would be too small for you. My husband is an actor.

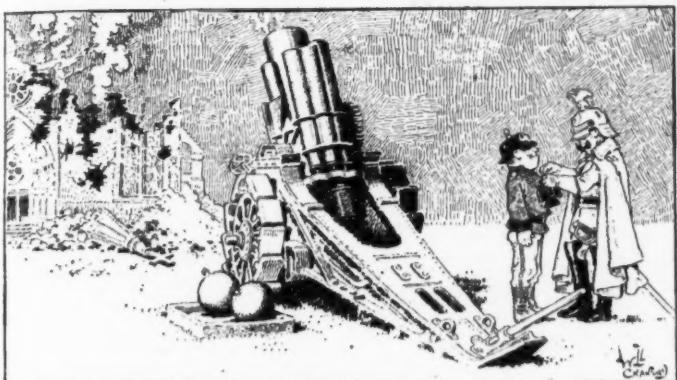
THE PROPER APPLICATION

"I feel like the devil this morning."

"Miserable, eh?"

"Gosh, no—delighted! Everything seems to be coming my way."

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In the War Zone, the Order of the Iron Cross



In New York City, the Order of the Double Cross

STRATEGY

Goliath was thrown quite off his guard when David stipulated for a battle in the twentieth century style.
"Oh, very well!" assented the Philistine, with a sneer of disdain.
So they went forth and began to dig trenches. But by the time Goliath had sunk himself to his knees David was out of sight.
"David wins!" cried the military critics, unanimously.



BOYS WILL NOT ALWAYS BE BOYS

'Rinstance, there is the chorus of a college show

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**THE MIDNIGHT DANCE**"Heavens! The corkscrew's going through the table!"
"Great Scott! He doesn't know how to reverse!"*The Seven Arts*

(Continued from page 11)

line of waiting private motor-cars—a snobbish simile, but an apt—and the fashionably-dressed audience. It looked like a Farrar day at the Metropolitan (the only Geraldine was there in company with Madame Frances Alida). At least that is one change from the old variety theatre, with its rude smoking men, and occasional woman. The Calve "act" was sandwiched between the Arnaud Brothers, tumbling clowns, who fiddled through the most extraordinary poses, and the "Wizards of Joy," Raymond and Caverly. She had hardly left the stage when "The Wearing of the Green" was heard. Vaudeville makes strange bed-fellows. The film pictures, instead of being shown at the close, a sort of "chaser," nowadays begin the programme; an innovation for which some visitors are not grateful. You are trapped. You can't escape. The corpse-like features of the wavering persons in the pictures may revolt, but they please the majority—always the majority. I wasn't in the least interested in seeing a tremulous reproduction of a Chicago politician—of all useless things in an incomprehensible world—casting his vote. What's a politician to me? A policeman is more useful; but the public stares agog at the title, not at the man, and forgets the abominable stupidity of such pictures. When the baboons came on I felt better. Here, at least, are humans—a lower order, yet of the same stock as ours—who do not lie, swindle, steal. Their life is not so much more automatic, more instinctive, than that of mankind. They imitate admirably, and are excellent servants. You remember the old story told by a traveler returned from the interior of Africa, where he saw apes making a fire? He avers that monkeys generally won't talk, not because they can't, but because they fear they will have to wear clothes and walk like the natives if they display their conversational powers. So they keep mum when in the company of white men, as they prefer a free, roving life. They are your true supermen, your philosophic anarchists. I could see little in the performance of these dog-faced baboons and tiny monkeys to differentiate them from certain lower types of men. They were so cheerful, and played their little parts in their brief half hour's commerce that they might easily be held up as a pattern to lazy humans. Mlle. Renee Florigny, a French pianiste, played some Liszt, and was liberally applauded, and she responded with Paderewski's Menuet. Oh, that's nothing. I heard Arthur Friedheim, at the Strand, play a Liszt Concerto only a few months ago. Music, may be, after all, looking up at the Vaudeville. Edith Tallaferro played in a sloppy, impossible piece about an old Virginia that never was, nor never will be, and, of course, was greatly liked. I must confess she was quite harmless. The usual juggling and male quartet were not missing. But Calve was the magnet for the audience.

Other Shows

Mrs. Carter, at the Colonial, presented a tabloid version of "Zaza," but I preferred the general bill. I really don't go to Vaudeville to be thrilled, only amused. Besides, the piece is beginning to age. At the Victoria, Trixie Friganza held sway in her characteristic timid manner. When her dancing partner lifted her up and exposed her magnificent breadth, viewed in flounced perspective, you exclaimed: "Aha, the seat of war!" Miss F. is as cunning as ever. But she weighs more. To the effervescence of Eva von der Tanguay, she unites the masculinity of Marguerite Cline (dear old Maggie, whom I christened "The Brunnhilde of the Bowery") and the dry-sherry subtlety of manner to be detected in gentle Marie Dressler. Moreover, Miss Friganza lifts up her lungs in song. She also dances. A perfect tornado let loose in a cabbage field (there were many bald heads in the auditorium that day). I remember her when she was sweet and slender (said he, pensively). Eddie Leonard should blacken his face when he roars his "coon" songs. He would look more in character and hide his Bert Williams' mouth. But he can dance. And then James and Bonnie Thornton. The wheels of Time turned back! Vaudeville is changeless.

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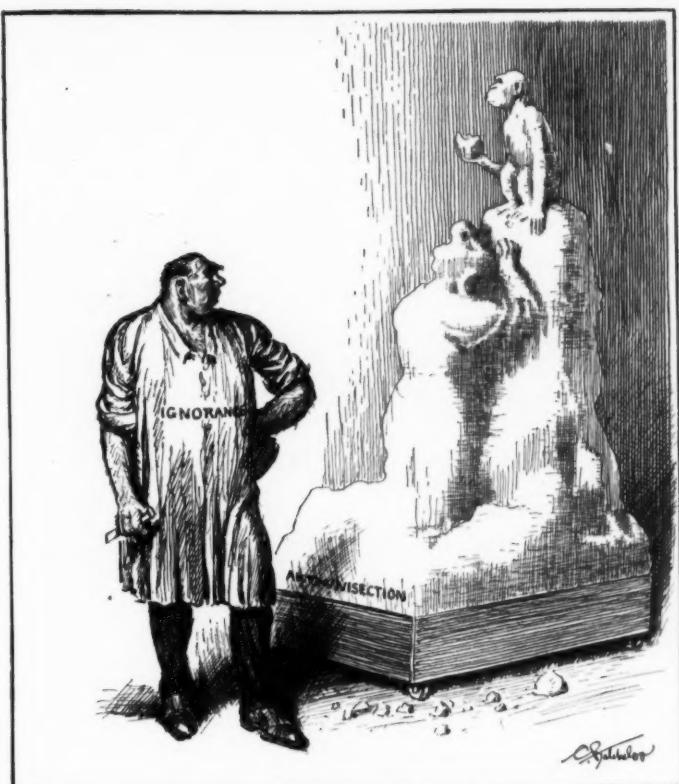
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HIS MASTERPIECE

ALADDIN AND THE WONDERFUL BUNGALOW

Aladdin, returning from a journey, was dismayed to find that his gorgeous palace had vanished. As the reader knows perfectly well, it had disappeared through the agency of the wicked magician who, by offering new lamps for old, had managed to get possession of Aladdin's meal ticket.

Still annexed to his magic ring, however, Aladdin rubbed it briskly, and in less than a twinkling the genii stood before him, awaiting his commands.

"Restore my palace to me," ordered Aladdin.

"Alas!" cried the genii; "that is beyond my powers. Only the slave of the Lamp can do that."

Aladdin made a quick decision.

"Well, then," said he, "if you can't bring back my palace, build me an eight-hundred-dollar six-room bungalow, with everything complete, for eight hundred dollars. What's the matter now?"

The slave of the Ring threw up his hands and shook his enormous head.

"Alas, that is also beyond my powers!" he cried, "and likewise of the powers of the slave of the Lamp. There is but one genii in the whole universe powerful enough to do that, at the present price of building materials."

"And he?" queried Aladdin, eagerly: "he is—?"

"He is the editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*," whispered the genii in awestricken tones. "Any genii who in these days can build an eight-hundred-dollar bungalow for eight hundred dollars is the greatest little genii of us all."



A HOPELESS CASE

"It's no use. Mother will never learn society ways."

"How now?"

"I found her in the kitchen to-day cooking tripe and stirring it with her lorgnette."

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THE JOKE ON GIUSEPPE

(Continued from page 9)

Then Giuseppe pulled down the curtains, took the money from the cash register, and locked the doors. Old customers came and shook the street door, and cursed between their teeth. But Giuseppe didn't know it; and had he known it, he wouldn't have cared. He was done with all that.

Up on the third floor of the Capodilupo lodgings Giuseppe was singing out of a full heart and a swelling breast. He had already acquired a dress-suit, and hired in a compatriot as accompanist.

Over in the palatial summer home of Mrs. Dodge-Bleason, Bertie Carraway was perfecting his plans. He had even gone so far as to mention to Miss Myrtle Dillinghurst, the rich and beautiful *debutante* and niece of Mrs. Dodge-Bleason, that he was about to make his crowning achievement in the social world. And this announcement was a momentous one to Bertie, for he hoped to marry the young woman.

"Do tell me what it is, Bertie," pleaded Miss Dillinghurst. "I'll never tell a soul."

But Bertie was Orientally secretive. "You'll simply die laughing," he predicted. "I mustn't tell. It would spoil the fun for you. Just wait and see."

But, somehow, the rumor got about, before the *fête*, that Bertie Carraway had another idea, entirely new. At any rate, jaded Oldport society turned out in force.

Never had the beautiful gardens of Mrs. Dodge-Bleason held such a representative gathering of the splendid world. The afternoon was ideal. Babylon was outdone. Antioch, in its most sumptuous days, was, compared with this gathering, a mere basket-party of the proletariat. Puss-footed lackeys flitted among the guests, catering to and divining the slightest whimsical desires. The newspaper correspondents of the daily newspapers, outside the iron gates, could smell two columns of description at eight dollars a column.

And then came Bertie's triumph. The ushers began to circulate among the guests, distributing beautifully engraved cards bearing the following legend:

Mr. BERTIE CARRAWAY, Impresario,
has the honor to present
the Famous Italian Tenor,
SIGNOR GIUSEPPE CAPODILUPO,
specially engaged for this occasion.
He will positively not be heard again in this country.

This last line, "He will positively not be heard again in this country," was a droll afterthought of Bertie's. He chuckled to himself as he wrote it.

The throng proceeded, at the sound of stringed instruments, to an embowered spot where, perspiring, frightened, but happy, Giuseppe was making ready for his introduction to the great world.

Then, at the bidding of the leader of the orchestra, the melodious barber stepped forth upon a raised platform and sang.

For several moments the audience took it with entire seriousness. Perhaps this was because they had all heard some exceedingly bad singing. Also, it may have been because nobody suspected that Bertie could rise to such heights of originality. At any rate, they listened with such profound attention that Bertie began to be afraid. So he hastily informed his nearest neighbor that the thing was a joke; that Giuseppe was a barber who couldn't sing, but thought he could sing. The news traveled fast. Suddenly a young woman tittered. Then a young man laughed. An audible reaction of relief tremored through the crowd.

"Another one of Bertie's terribly funny jokes," they whispered. The most delicate and sensitive ones hid their faces in their handkerchiefs, and smothered their delight. Highly nervous ones were seen to withdraw hastily beyond ear-shot. The joke was a tremendous success. Bertie, white with pride, drank in his

(Continued on page 23)

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THE JOKE ON GIUSEPPE

(Continued from page 22)

glory. And the best of it was—Giuseppe, intent upon his debut, never suspected.

The music ceased. Giuseppe Capodilupo bowed his thanks to the vociferous encore. And Bertie made his way proudly to the side of the adorable heiress, Miss Myrtle Dillinghurst. "How did you like it?" he asked.

The reply sent Bertie reeling backward. "I think it was the cruellest, meanest thing I have ever witnessed, Mr. Carraway," replied the young woman. "I am ashamed of you. That poor man! I am going to find out where he lives, and apologize to him on behalf of everybody here. And as for you, sir, I could hate you!"

Fortunately for Bertie Carraway, there was a chair near by. He staggered to it and sat down. He saw Miss Dillinghurst run up to Giuseppe, speak to him earnestly. He saw them walk away together. Then he called a lackey and faintly asked for brandy.

Not long afterwards, Bertie Carraway was opening his morning mail when he came upon a delicately engraved card. He glanced at it and trembled. It recalled the joke upon Giuseppe. It read:

SIGNOR GIUSEPPE CAPODILUPO
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A MATTER OF HITS

The old Vet was indulging in impressive reminiscences to an open-faced audience.

"During the four years," he said, "I was hit seven times, and yet was not off the firing line more than a few weeks all told."

"Humph, that isn't so much," remarked a young stripling, with disrespectful candor.

"Isn't much? Why—What—" spluttered the Vet, stammering his rage and surprise.

"No, of course it isn't much," the stripling went on with maddening composure. "My brother Bill was hit twenty-seven times in one afternoon and was back on the firing line the next day."

"Twenty-seven times in one day? In one afternoon?" queried the Vet; "and back on the firing line in twenty-four hours? Young man, young man, what Grand Army Post is your brother a member of?"

The stripling sniffed contemptuously. "He ain't a member of any Grand Army Post," he said, with fine scorn; "he pitches every Saturday and Sunday for the Young Matthewsons."

QUITE ENOUGH

"I am going to carry a transparency in the Suffrage parade."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; my wife is making it out of an old party-gown."

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AS FREQUENTLY HAPPENS

I

Favorite expressions of Mr. McSmith when he meets any of his friends:

"Say, have you heard this one, any of you fellows?"

"If this story is old, ring me off, but I never heard it before."

"Don't go yet, old man; I've got a peach of a story I want to tell you."

"I didn't want to spoil your fun in telling it, old man, but I've heard that one before. The way I heard it was this way."

"Draw up your chairs, boys, and get this one."

II

Favorite expression of Mr. McSmith in the hallowed privacy of his own home:

"What's that, Willie? Tell you a story? No, papa doesn't know any stories. Run along now and don't bother."

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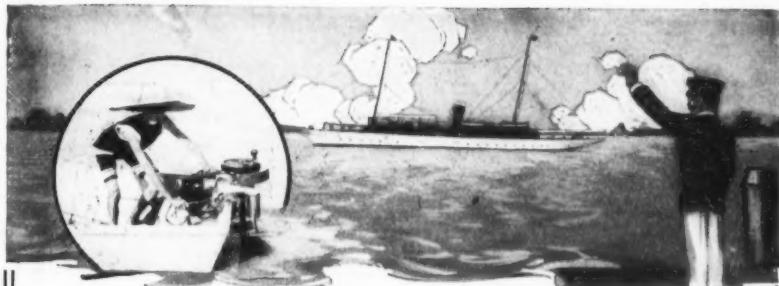
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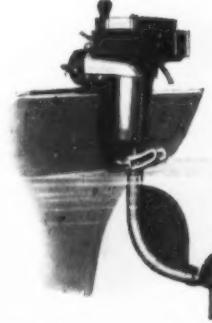
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